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August 23, 1963 - Friday

Bought a gilded bronze medallion of Benjamin Franklin and a bronze medallion of George IV today at Mallett's of Bordon House.

The retiring Netherlands Ambassador came in for a long talk with me. He thinks it possible that Herman van Royjen, who has now served thirteen years in Washington, may be his replacement.

Lunched at Lewis Jones' with him and Dick Neustadt - afterwards I had an instructive conversation with the latter at the office.

I talked to Harold Caccia this afternoon about the Laotian stabilization loan. He also went into the difficulties in Malaysia, thanks to that public menace Sukarno. Because of the Germans, things went badly at the EEC meeting yesterday. The Germans are so afraid of being done in the eye by their allies that their policy is far too often one of "still pond, no more moving".

Affairs in South Vietnam are deeply disturbing. Cabot Lodge arrived yesterday to find himself in a hot cauldron. Diem and his foolish brother and sister-in-law are behaving like idiots in oppressing the Buddhists who comprise 90% of the population.

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August 24, 1963 - Saturday

I left this morning for the USA on Pan-American. I had the seat next to Dick Neustadt, so benefitted by his urbane and informative conversation. He is a superior man, and, I should think, would be a desirable replacement for Mac Bundy if the latter were ever assigned away from the White House.

I went directly to the Georgetown house. Gladys Schukraft was out - the interior was lovely, but dilapidated and lonely. I sought refuge at Sugar's Drugstore,

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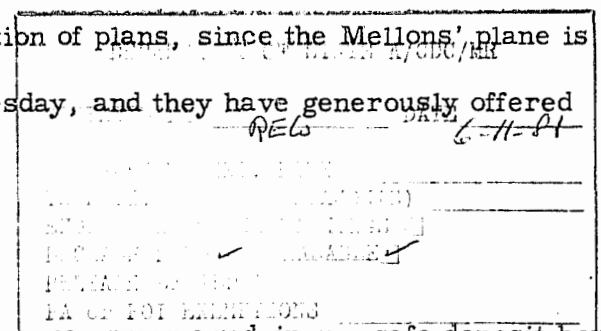
where I took most of my meals thereafter on the counter. My pal, the son of the owner, has almost an exclusive monopoly of the variegated student body from near-by Georgetown University, who repair there to eat, and buy their essentials in the way of toiletry, medicines, newspapers, magazines, tobacco, and a small range of text books.

It is uncommonly cool for this time of year, and I slept tonight under two light blankets.

August 25, 1963 - Sunday

I telephoned last night to E at Osterville, Cape Cod. She reported the family as being well. There is a slight alteration of plans, since the Mellons' plane is going from Hyannis to New York on Tuesday, and they have generously offered to fly us all to Lynchburg.



August 26, 1963 - Monday

Went to my office on Wisconsin Avenue, rummaged in my safe deposit box, called on Jeff Davis, the antique dealer, in his new quarters--he has promised me a handsome cheque for some articles he had from me on consignment--talked to Jim and others in New York, bought trash and garbage cans to replace bottomless ones at the house, had extra keys made, and accomplished petty chores.

August 27, 1963 - Tuesday

Truman picked me up, and I met the flock at the airport. It took us only 45 minutes to fly to Lynchburg; we consumed a sandwich lunch on the way.

Staunton Hill looked glorious. I could hardly believe that it was too cool to swim. E and the children were becomingly brown; Davie, at fifteen, is over 5 foot ten tall, and quite striking looking. The three are devoted to each other, and appear ever so happy in their relationship.

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Jamie said this summer's drought was the worst in fifty years; the box bushes and grass confirm this, for they are dangerously parched. The enthusiasm of E and the kids for this place is touching; they are busy from morning to night, free of any apparent cares.

Jamie is, as usual, the indispensable man. He has at last employed a helper, Alonzo Pollard, to whom he grants a modicum of independence.

Elizabeth had brought in her faithful friend Annie for the duration of our stay. The house is spotless, the cooking little short of superb. We had fried chicken tonight, with bananas baked in molasses, corn fritters, salad and cheese, ginger bread and apple sauce.

August 28, 1963 - Wednesday

E and I swam, the children played tennis and other games, while the day passed like lightning. No sun, the temperature about 75°, the humidity high. Pork spare ribs with onions for lunch.

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August 29, 1963 - Thursday

I've been bitten by chiggers, during ~~my rambles through the grass. The~~ best remedy is to apply nail polish to the swellings. We went for a long walk this morning, I making notes of repairs, urgently needed, to the stone wall and in other categories.

The papers are full of gloomy happenings, but it all seems remote here. The Vietnamese situation could not be much worse, so Cabot Lodge will have a rough beginning in his Saigon post. According to the radio, the March on Washington of the sponsors of Civil Rights for Negroes was not marked by any violence. A gigantic railroad strike set for today may or may not have been averted; it does not seem to have attracted the attention of our local commentators. Did 27 lengths in the pool. We all played poker after dinner.

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August 30, 1963 - Friday

Still no sunshine. Bertha, a West Indian hurricane, is held responsible. The children are hard at play, tennis, archery, croquet, relieved by promenades in the woods.

August 31, 1963 - Saturday

Beautiful day at last. Temperature 80°, but hardly seems so because of an enlivening breeze. Thirty lengths in the pool. E and I are busily planning to bring back most of the Staunton Hill furniture and objects now stored in Washington.

A good deal of the wine here will (and some already has) go bad before it can be drunk. There are still quantities of white and red burgundies, also Rhine wines, of 1934, a good lot of 1928 and 1929 clarets, a couple of cases of Bollinger 1928 champagne, over ten dozen 1945 champagnes, the same amount of 1947 Meursault and Puligny Montrachet, with a smattering of other deteriorating wines. A proportion of the 1928, 1929, and 1934 red wines are, however, still superb. The most remarkable, oddly enough, is the 1928 Les Gaudichots in half-bottles. There are about 15 dozen of 1945 clarets which have grown increasingly good.

The native yellow peaches are a treat, fragrant and juicy.

Sasha and I went to see Pete Carter, who took us for a long drive around Audrey's farms. There has been an almost uninterrupted drought here since March, and the cattle are short of adequate grazing land--consequently, some [redacted] had to be sold at distress prices ranging from 15 to 17 cents a pound.

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The dam upstream at Smith Mountain apparently is functioning well; there have been no freshets in the Staunton Hill low grounds in three years. The result is a large demand for this rich land, which for decades sold for $100 per acre because of the constant danger of loss of crops from flooding. It is said now to command five times that price, though I find this difficult of belief.

The Curriers have almost completed the cutting of merchantable timber on the property, and are in process of replanting these areas with seedling pines. Like the neighboring U. S. Plywood Company, they have sprayed the devastated areas from helicopters with a form of poison, alleged to kill all trees, bushes, and plant life with the exception of evergreens. The cost of replanting is about $10 an acre.

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Family poker tonight as usual.

September 1, 1963 - Sunday

Only fifteen lengths in the pool today, since the sunshine was fitful, and the temperature about 65°.

We laid out a program of work for Jamie, and his helper Alonzo Pollard, involving placing the large stone eagles, bought in London many years ago, in Grandmother's garden, cleaning out the vistas, felling a considerable number of trash trees, and other ameliorations of existing neglect.

Anne and Reginald Pettus came over tonight from Keysville to see us, bringing with them as a present a Virginia ham. This excellent, public-spirited man has just run again for Commonwealth's Attorney, a charge which if conscientiously administered makes many enemies for its holder. When he ran against the incumbent, Page Morton, some years ago, there was a tie between them for the approximately three thousand votes cast. According to Virginia practice, the contestants cast lots, and Page lost.

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Recently, by the oddest of coincidents, the same thing happened to Reggie with another opponent. Pettus asked for a recount, as a result of which he came out two votes ahead. The recount has now been challenged, so the whole matter is up in the air.

September 2, 1963 - Monday

Labor Day Holiday; as a result there will be many killings and accidents on the highways. The temperature at 8 a.m. was 60°, the skies promising to be clear. 30 lengths in the pool, and much walking.

September 3, 1963 - Tuesday

I talked to Washington and New York several times on the telephone. The latter conversations were with Buck Crawford about investments; the former concerned my assignment to be Chairman of the Senior Selection Board at State. Swimming as usual. In the late afternoon, there was an unaccustomed wailing of sirens up the road, so we dashed out in the station wagon to find a forest fire had broken out on Audrey's Brookland Tract. It was a picturesque sight. The fire volunteers from Brookneal, Drake's Branch and Charlotte Court House were present, with their scarlet equipment, and there was quite a gathering of tree stump onlookers. In spite of a high breeze, the situation was brought under control by nightfall. At least, the Bruce family exercised away part of a surfeit of their luncheon spare ribs.

Poker tonight.

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September 4, 1963 - Wednesday

Bill Tyler called me this morning, as did Crawford. The local Chevrolet agent came down to inspect a 1-1/2 ton truck sent from Belmont, for which I have little use. No sale.

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David rose to singular heights of irresponsibility this morning. He subtracted an axe from the gun room, and levelled one of the best nursery grown dogwoods in the grounds. His only excuse was that he wanted to know what it felt like to cut down a tree.

Slight rain this morning, little better than mist. I have never experienced here a more persistent drought.

We fooled away a guileless day.

September 5, 1963 - Thursday

The State of Virginia, displaying its habitual independence of decisions elsewhere, has reverted to standard time. We all left Staunton Hill at 6:30 a.m. for the airport, from which we took off in two sections: E, Sasha and Nicky, then two hours later Davie and myself. I went to the Sears Roebuck store in Lynchburg to while away the interval of waiting, and bought three aluminum stepladders for the house. David and I had a rapid transit, though bumpy, over Charlottesville, and arrived in Washington for a late lunch.

Went to see Arpad this afternoon, exchanged antiques with him before purchasing groceries and hardware for the house.

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September 6, 1963 - Friday

To the State Department, where my principal conversation was with Bill Tyler.

September 7, 1963 - Saturday

Spent the entire day, with the exception of several hours at my private office and at Security Storage, moving objects to the cellar in preparation for Sylvia Clark's occupancy of the house. Took breakfast at Sugar's. Went to the

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movies tonight with the whole family cum Susan Mary Alsop and Billy Patten. Saw an avant garde film called "8-1/2" by an Italian--imaginative, but not satisfying. We all had a cold dinner afterward at Susan Mary's--fun. To bed after midnight.

September 8, 1963 - Sunday

Like yesterday as concerns moving things. The boys went to a baseball game, Sasha to the Chevy Chase Club. Some of us to church this morning.

I called on Averell this afternoon. Marie and he have moved into the beautiful house on N Street which they purchased from Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania, who [redacted] bought it from Mrs. Leonard's estate. It is one of the best houses in Georgetown, with an extensive garden. They are in process of having a 40-foot long swimming pool constructed on one of the terraces.

Averell is almost 72, but seems as keen and vigorous as ever. He told me interesting details of his test ban negotiation in Moscow, and feels as I do, that we should continue talking to the Soviets even though there is no early prospect of making further deals with them.

Averell is concerned over the willingness of some of our government officials to give in effect a veto to the German Government over our policies in regard to matters affecting Germany, especially Berlin. I believe this would be most unwise, as also it would be a frightful mistake to constitute an American-German, or even an American-German-Italian Nuclear Force.

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September 9, 1963 - Monday

Worked all day in the house, before going for tea with Lorraine Cooper.

Dined tonight with Bunny and Paul Mellon on Whitehaven Street; we were alone with them, and had a stimulating, interesting evening.

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September 10, 1963 - Tuesday

Another in a succession of beautiful clear days. Security Storage sent around a further batch of the liquors I have had with them for almost thirteen years. The three children worked like Trojans, putting it away in the cellar. We have now housed about 120 cases, the approximate limit of our accommodation.

I wrote a requested comment this afternoon on Chancellor Adenauer for Der Spiegel, which is to publish a special number in connection with his expected retirement the middle of October. I said:

Sweeping the Augean Stables could not have been much more demanding than the work we have done daily to get the Georgetown house in order for its turn-over, in some semblance of cleanliness, to Sylvia Clark. Twenty-two years of accumulations, and dilapidations largely consequent upon our infrequent residence in it, have to be faced.

E and I went over to see the Philip Bonsals this evening. They have moved to the fine house he inherited from his versatile father Stephen on P Street. Amongst its contents are several pieces acquired in France by his celebrated ancestor Gouverner [redacted] Morris, whose diary, like that of James Gallatin, is of enduring value anent the French scene in the latter part of the Eighteenth and the early part of the Nineteenth Centuries. Morris was a successful rival of Talleyrand for the favors of at least one beautiful Frenchwoman; Gallatin's youthful indiscretions were numerous.

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September 11, 1963 - Wednesday

My duties as a member of Selection Board A commenced this morning. Time until lunch was consumed by an idiotic photographic ceremony, where members of all the boards, [redacted] arranged in tiers in order of height, were snapped before they listened to a series of discourses on their tasks.

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Dear Mr. Jacobi:

I am delighted over the opportunity to pay tribute to Chancellor Adenauer as he retires from office.

It is almost impossible to overestimate the contribution he has made not only to his own country, but to the world, by his successful conduct of the foreign relations of the Federal Republic of Germany.

No statesman could have been confronted by more difficult problems which, for solution, demanded the highest gifts of political imagination, as well as the exercise of the sternest attributes of character. He is entitled more than any other man to credit for the restoration of Germany to respectable partnership with its former enemies; he has been an indispensable and constructive architect of European unity; he has unfailingly promoted intimate ties between Germany and the other free nations.

The roll of his achievements is impressive and lengthy; his eminent place in history is secure.

I should like to add a few comments of another description. No one who has been on terms of friendship with the Chancellor could have failed to appreciate the magnetism of his personality. His courtesy is in the grand manner; his wit uncommonly keen; his palate for food and wine extraordinarily discriminating; his knowledge, judgment, and love of classical painting noteworthy; his hospitality delightful. Dr. Adenauer, amongst his pictures or his roses, at a convivial table,

Mr. Claus Jacobi,
Editor-in-Chief,
DER SPIEGEL,
Hamburg, Germany.

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in his family circle, playing bowls, or conversing with friends at his ease, is as attractive a figure as one could contemplate.

His religious instincts are intense, his convictions profound, especially on the subject of the dignity of the individual and man's right to liberty and freedom in an orderly society.

I think that any biographer should not neglect in appraising the political achievements of the Chancellor to evaluate the part played in them by his quality of personal charm.

Sincerely,

David K. E. Bruce

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My board consists of Ray Hare as Chairman, and Ambassador Philip Bonsal, Phil Kaiser and Bert Matthews, with Mr. Sylvester from Labor as an observer.

We have about 300 files to scrutinize. They represent findings over the years on the performance of Foreign Service and Reserve Officers of Class I. We are supposed to winnow out of this assemblage a small proportion for possible promotion to the rank of Career Minister, and an equal percentage for possible elimination. There are already 60 Career Ministers (and seven Career Ambassadors). It is a desirable rank, for its occupant can remain on until the age of 65, instead of being discarded at 60.

We went tonight with Susan Mary and Billy Patten and our three children to a surrealistic Italian movie.

September 12, 1963 - Thursday

Our meeting commenced at nine and terminated at 5:30 with an hour off for lunch in the Department. During the break for meals, I attended to business in George Ball's and Schaetzel's offices. Tonight, I dictated replies to messages from London, and made charitable donations.

We dined this evening with Susan Mary. The Roswell Gilpatrics, Kay Graham, Sally and Scotty Reston, Bill Walton, were there.

Previously, we went to the George Garretts to say good-bye to them; they are leaving tomorrow for Europe.

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September 13, 1963 - Friday

I have not, for many years, read so continuously as we have been obliged to do in our sessions. It is interesting, and I believe, important work. The amount of talent possessed by these Class I officers is formidable; it is difficult to find any obvious duds.

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Lunched as usual in the Department--I almost begrudge the time lost in eating.

September 14, 1963 - Saturday

Truman and his two sons moved this morning, from my Wisconsin Avenue office, the thirteen barrels of porcelain and china transported there, several years ago, from Staunton Hill. We unpacked them and put them away in the new cellar. The packing, done by Jamie Hamlett, was superb; unfortunately, one of the only two pieces, out of more than a thousand, broken was a fine Ming vase. It can be repaired, but its value has been greatly diminished; the other was a saucer of Chinese export china.

E and I lunched at the 1925 F Street Club, where John [redacted] Walker, was host to a company of fifty before the opening at the National Gallery of an exhibition of Turner water colors lent by the British Museum.

Afterwards, we went to the Gallery. Thereafter, I spent the rest of the day unpacking, and finished in time to take E and the children to a ghastly movie, called Auntie Mame, starring Rosalind Russell, who deserved a better vehicle.

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[redacted]
September 15, 1963 - Sunday

Breakfast at Sugar's Drugstore. At 9:15 I went to Belmont with Truman. Roy Schilling and Joe Hobbs wish to retire, but have sportingly agreed to remain until next June. Mary Bruce came out from Baltimore to meet me there. The place is a serious financial burden to me. I want, somehow, to have the house, built in 1738, preserved as an historical dwelling, but have no time to develop a plan to this end, for it would involve dozens of personal interviews, and purchase by a Foundation.

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Perhaps the situation will be clearer after I talk to the President next week about the duration of my stay in London. I had discussed the matter in a preliminary way when I saw Mac Bundy on Friday.

We had lunch from the Carry Out Shop. E and I took Nicky to the Air Terminal this afternoon. He is leaving by Pan American from Dulles Airport for London. It was sad to part with him; he is everything one could wish a boy to be. I spent the rest of the day in the cellar.

Wendy Wisner, Sasha, David and I gorged ourselves on a spaghetti dinner cooked by E. It was not harmed by a bottle of Louis Latour's 1947 St. Vivant.

September 16, 1963 - Monday

Hard at work all day. Returned to encounter a shock of the most distressing magnitude. E had been to a doctor, who said she had a tumor that required an immediate exploratory operation. A sample would be extracted and analyzed; if it proved malignant a major operation to clear out the whole area would follow at once.

This diagnosis and plan for procedure seemed to me totally unsatisfactory, and unwarranted. We consulted several people, the most helpful of whom was Bunny Mellon, and decided E should go to New York tomorrow to see Dr. Lord, a surgeon, graduated from Johns Hopkins Hospital, to whom Bunny had resorted last year.

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Neither of us slept a wink--I wish it were I who was threatened instead of her.

September 17, 1963 - Tuesday

Besides the time engrossing struggle in the Selection Board to make a judicious appraisal of 270 personalities, I am harassed at every turn in the

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Department by other matters, some of them pertaining to Anglo-American affairs. Yesterday, I lunched with Averell, Foy Kohler and Tommy Thompson, in Averell's office, to discuss the atrocious conduct of the Indonesians toward Malaysia, but more especially what should be the next step in negotiations with the Soviet Union. Several times a day, I get involved in fruitless talks pro and con MLF.

E took off for New York.

I went to see the President at 5 p.m., with the intention of taking a night plane to join E.

He said that in the absence of something unexpected, he would like me to remain in London until the end of his first term. I assented, with the proviso that I would be quite ready to relinquish the post at any time on short notice.

The President looked well. He was cordial, and, as always, attractive. We talked of many problems, such as Adenauer, de Gaulle, Macmillan, the Denning report, before he went to the Cabinet room for a melee over Vietnam.

I telephoned E, as well as Bunny, and Dr. Lord, who gave me a reassuring report. Lord is to make an exploratory incision tomorrow; if examination proves the necessity for a further operation it will not take place until next week. E should be able to return home Thursday. Since they are preparing her tonight for an early start in the morning, I could not see her if I went to New York. I moved to the Metropolitan Club.

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September 18, 1963 - Wednesday

I was at the Senate Office Building at 8:45 this morning, to appear before Senator Scoop Jackson's sub-committee on Security coordination and operations, to which I have already submitted a written statement. Senators Jackson, Miller and Pell were present, also Dorothy Fosdick and other staff members. I was

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interrogated for two hours and a half, on and off the record, and thoroughly enjoyed it, though the better part of my mind was focussed on New York.

When I telephoned the hospital, E was still partially under the anaesthetic, but Dr. Lord and Bunny said there was no longer cause for worry, the growth had been removed, and was a non-malignant fibroid.

I called E later, and cannot recall ever having felt so relieved. Although she will remain in acute pain until tomorrow, she can come home Friday. Bunny has been angelic throughout, as has Paul, who sent her up and will send her back in his private plane.

September 19, 1963 - Thursday

I saw Dean Rusk yesterday. We went over the proposal by Defense to establish a senior civilian Defense representative in the London Embassy. I have already opposed this request--Dean feels as I do, but the matter is by no means settled. Bill Bundy called me about it today; I expressed my disapproval.

Dined tonight with dear, ageless, Ethel Fowler at the Jockey in the Fairfax Hotel. It is touted as the best restaurant in Washington. It may well be, but the atmosphere is somewhat meretricious--even the Italian waiters and busboys address the customers in French.

September 20, 1963 - Friday

A long day at the office. Returned, to find with inexpressible delight, E at home.

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September 21, 1963 - Saturday

Truman and his two boys arrived this morning to clean out the old cellar. Arpad came with Dick Howland, of the Smithsonian, to look at my Charleston panelling in the garage. I gave the lot to the Smithsonian, except for the old locks, which I gave to the Littleton Foundation.

Was belowstairs most of the day. We have subsisted since last evening on snacks from the refrigerator. Painters, even on Saturday, are swarming over the house, wrenching off loose shutters, replacing or repainting them.

Tonight, I went to dinner at the Dillons. E did not feel up to it, but insisted I go. Happily, Truman was free to take me one way; it is almost impossible to get a taxicab in Georgetown between 7 and 8 p.m. I made an arrangement to finance Truman's car which he was about to sell; he is in a state of euphoria.

Susan Mary and Stewart Alsop were there. It was a relaxed evening. The Dillons have beautiful pictures and art objects. Douglas is having a tough time over the tax bill, but he is resourceful and tenacious.

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September 22, 1963 - Sunday

After a rainy yesterday, the weather cleared completely, though I benefitted little from it, since I did not leave the house until night, when I went to dine at the Alsops'.

Truman and his two boys came this morning; we moved most of the china and glass to the new cellar.

E has been having a series of callers. She has not rested as she should, and looks tired, but not in pain.

Joe is still in Vietnam or thereabouts. His articles are so severe about Diem, and the egregious Nhus, that I doubt he will, during their tenure of office, ever again pass the portals of the Palace.

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Susan Mary, Stewart Alsop, Mary and Mac Bundy were the collaborators who fell upon the [redacted] victuals. The conversation was what one would have expected in the company of these humanists. Mac is [redacted] quizzical and profound. I like to witness power wielded by a man so gifted. Walter Pater would have approved him as a latter day Renaissance character, [redacted]

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The Pinky Thompsons, fresh from Bermuda, ferried me to dinner; Stew amiably conveyed me home.

September 23, 1963 - Monday

Back to the mines. My routine time for awakening, with a few minutes delay for stirring, is 7 a.m. By then, the painters, and others who are repairing our shattered house, are well away, with a not so merry pounding of hammers and whizzing of saws.

To the office, with no preceding breakfast. This is probably for my good, though hunger pangs reproach my matitudinal zeal.

All day at the Department, including lunch. I've scarcely walked a hundred yards in a week. E went to New York this afternoon, expecting to have her stitches taken out tomorrow. Beautiful, 65 degree, clear, sunny day.

September 24, 1963 - Tuesday

The regular drill. It is gratifying, in going over the records of senior Foreign Service officers, to realize what a wealth of talent and experience is available to the State Department, if only the Personnel system could succeed in placing and using individuals to the best advantage.

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Lunched with Buck Lanham at Le Bistro, the excellent French restaurant owned by the hair dresser Guilbo, who flatters his customers, mostly to their confusion, by addressing them in his native language. This is sometimes confusing when they select drinks, for many of them find difficult the translation of such potations as "Bloody Mary", "Stinger", and the more recondite fancifully named drinks.

Buck was one of the bravest and most famous American infantry officers in the last war. He takes an intense and intelligent interest in foreign policy. As a Vice-President of the wonder company, Xerox, I hope he has done well for himself financially.

Our talk was chiefly of Ernest Hemingway. I suppose Lanham was his best friend. The biography of Ernest is under preparation by a Princeton professor; the material should strike the presses within two years.

I was frequently distracted this afternoon, as on every other day, by being called away from our working cell to deal with Britis. or other diplomatic business.

Arrived home tonight, consulted next door with Toughy Lloyd, who readily agreed to sever offending limbs from his trees that overshadow and moisten our roofs. He is a fine young man, anxious to go permanently into government service.

I was a borrowed host tonight, because of Frank's absence in Greece, at a dinner given by Polly Wisner for Agnes Meyer.

It was a gala. I had the good fortune to sit between Alice Longworth and Lorraine Cooper. The Al Friendlys, Tommy Thompsons, Drew Pearsons, Bill Walton, and many other sprightly folk were there.

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September 25, 1963 - Wednesday

Chased up and down the Department today at the behest of George Ball and others, but devoted hours of application to the files.

Lunched, as Mac Bundy's guest, at the Metropolitan Club. It is always such a pleasure to be in his company.

Tonight, I ate at Sugar's drugstore, telephoned E in New York, and tried to handle a raft of correspondence. Beautiful day with temperature about 65°. 45° is predicted for tonight.

My off beat discussions were on personnel matters, whether to renew the offer to de Gaulle for assistance, to compensate for a renunciation of nuclear testing in the atmosphere if he should change his mind in favor of signing the test ban treaty, (an offer I do not approve), but especially on the problem of how to handle the British so as to induce them to participate in round table exchanges about the MLF. The publication, due tomorrow, of Justice Denning's report may change their previous reluctance in this regard.

The ban treaty was ratified yesterday by the Senate, with only 18 or 19 dissenting votes, including those of Byrd and Robertson of Virginia, and Barry Goldwater, currently the reactionaries' white hope, though I think he is, politically, [redacted] a confused man.

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September 26, 1963 - Thursday

In our secret cell we processed the Foreign Service and Reserve Officers of Class I again. Nine hours of reading and interchanges on the subject were involved.

I went to Paul Mellon's at 6:30 this evening, to see the display of his English pictures, shown at the Virginia Museum, and now on private view in a house, back of the British Embassy, adjoining his own property, and facing the School of Hellenic Studies lately established by him.

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It is a staggering show, inspired by the heart and his predilection for a certain school of painting, too long neglected by the cognoscenti while they were in pursuit of [redacted] great names, [redacted]

Thence I went to Kay Graham's, to join E and Senator Javits, for dinner. An instructive evening.

September 27, 1963 - Friday

On the stretch for the Selection Board. Cloistered most of the day, except for the opening lunch at the Alibi, where Livie Merchant and I covered the MLF, on which I confer several times daily.

Beaten up, I came at 8 p. m. to the reverse of a safe haven at Jane McBaine's; a party of eleven, where I was seated between Jane and Alice Longworth. There were, in addition to the hostess and ourselves, Alice, Dick Davis and wife, Lally and Gates Lloyd, Mac Godley, Kay Graham, Walt and entrancing Elspeth Rostow, Marian and Arthur Schlesinger.

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A late and agreeable night, somewhat repented when we put in a couple of hours on packing upon our return home.

September 28, 1963 · Saturday

Off early [redacted] to the Department, where our group congregated without Phil Kaiser, whose wife was undergoing an operation. This was my last sitting in an exercise that has seized upon my imagination.

A late lunch at the City Tavern with Carrie and Macgill James. We talked overmuch of Baltimore friends and acquaintances; I felt I was strolling through a cemetery.

I [redacted] yesterday harkened to the word of Averell on the Indonesian-Malaysian dispute. Sukarno is a bastard plus as a statesman and personality. We advocate

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trying to get along with him, as the only alternative to Communism. I am personally sceptical of the wisdom of this policy, but the problem is outside my area. The matter is serious, for I believe the British and Australians are ready to battle for the independence of Malaysia, and, if it comes to a test, we should support them despite the cries of "neo-colonialism."

E was receiving this evening, after a gruelling day of transiting up and down stairs trying to clear up this house for Sylvia. Following an operation of an hour and a quarter she has, as usual, with her abounding vitality and nervous energy, abused nature. Ethel Fowler, Mildred Bliss, Betsy Tyler, Elizabeth Graham and others called, while Truman, the competent temporary Irish maid Stella, and myself, tidied up.

Finally, the coast was clear of humans, but there was a barrage of telephone calls. For a change, we had a package of food sent from the Metropolitan Club: chicken Tettrazini for E, and crab meat--natch--for me.

I washed up the dishes, worked like a navvy on the interminable task of clearing out drawers and closets.

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September 29, 1963 - Sunday

E was up at 4 a.m., preparing to take a plane to New York, there to transfer to PanAm for London.

Thanks to the Selection Board, and extraneous obligations, I have not had an adequate sleep for weeks. I welcome the idea of escaping to New York.

I had a long talk, day before yesterday, with Mr. Herzog and a colleague of his from the Department of the Interior, about the possible incorporation of Belmont in a Federal or Federal-State park. The financial burden of this unoccupied house and untenanted farm is beyond my capacity to support much longer. Built in 1738,

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having remained ever since in the same family until my acquisition of it, some agency should preserve it as a place of historical and architectural significance, for it is one of the two best remaining private houses of the Eighteenth Century in Maryland, Unfortunately, because of the value of the land and the price I paid for it, I cannot afford to give it to the Government; I still owe to the Wilmington Trust Company the entire purchase price, on which I pay 4-1/2 per cent interest.

The day of departure. Frenzied activity in the morning; more china to lodge in the basement; I have, I fear, the squirrel instinct, and had no idea I had secreted such masses of things I once [redacted] at least momentarily, thought delectable.

I do miss E; there is no one like her for quality. Her unconsciousness of her beauty, intellect and charm is almost infantile.

Truman took me to the airport, where I boarded one of the hourly shuttle Eastern Airlines planes for La Guardia.

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Staying at The Brook, deserted at dinnertime tonight except for Squab Read and myself. At last, early to bed.

September 30, 1963 - Monday

Spent most of the morning with George White at 713 Park Avenue, going over accounts.

Lots of telephoning and business conferences today. I have really been negligent for years about investments, and have few opportunities to discuss them with those whose judgment I respect.

Dined tonight at The Links with Tommy Lamont of Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., and Lord Bicester of Morgan, Grenfell, London.

Wonderful sunny day with temperature range of 45 to 72. Went to a movie, The Leopard, adapted from the Italian book which [redacted] is having a great success. The Sicilian scenes and costuming were beautiful, but it was a halting performance.